UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese } *Associate Editors*

Does the End Justify the Means?

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Debts and Disarmament as a Way Out

By S. O. LEVINSON

MacDonald and His Government

By HARRISON BROWN

"The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood"

By BEULAH KIMBERLY

VOLUME CX NUMBER 21

Chicago, February 6, 1933

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly October to June — *Subscription $3.00*
Published Bi-Weekly July to September — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 30, 1931, at the Post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor in Chief*
LOUIS L. MANN, CURTIS W. REESE, *Associate Editors*

Board of Directors
MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON, Treasurer
MRS. ELLA R. NAGELY
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Board
W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors
LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Editorial Contributors
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
PERCY M. DAWSON
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
M. C. OTTO
FREDERICK STARR
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
JAMES H. WEST

Foreign Representatives
AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
CANADA—NORMAN STEWART DOWD
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

Page

EDITORIAL—
Notes 323
Does the End Justify the Means?—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 325
Jottings—J. H. H. 326

ARTICLES—
Debts and Disarmament as a Way Out—SALMON O. LEVINSON .. 327
MacDonald and His Government—HARRISON BROWN 328
"The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood"—BEULAH KIMBERLY 331

POETRY—
Courage—*John Galsworthy* 323
Crimson Tide—ROSE ANDREWS 326
Poet of Poets—EVELYN M. WATSON 330

THE STUDY TABLE—
Three Giants—NATHAN ESSELL 332
Book Notes—C. W. REESE 334

CORRESPONDENCE—
Our Economic Dilemma—FRANCIS S. KINDER 335
Little Old New York Not "Busted"—WINIFRED B. COSSETTE .. 335

THE FIELD—
USSR Adamant in Peace Stand at Geneva—SIDNEY STRONG in *Moscow News* 322
Books Received 335
Ten Commandments of Social Justice 336

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

USSR Adamant in Peace Stand at Geneva

By Dr. Sydney Strong

I have just come from Geneva via Berlin to observe the opening of 1933 in Moscow. I have spent the past year in Geneva watching the wheels go round, the wheels that have been running the Disarmament Conference and the Council of the League of Nations, handling the Japan-China imbroglio.

The trip from Geneva to Moscow in mid-winter was a pleasant one, the cars proving to be even too warm. The only chill I got was from the visa fees en route.

Yes, I noted the part played by the Soviet representatives in the Disarmament Conference. I am an anti-war champion and attended the scores of meetings considering disarmament. I am willing to say, as I have written many times during the year to papers and friends, that the Soviet Union stood conspicuously, from beginning to end, for drastic disarmament, even down to total disarmament.

I cannot recall a single move looking to reduction of arms that was not supported heartily by Litvinov. In the first place, he made a clear, concrete drastic proposal early in the Conference, which would have meant real disarmament. It was considered for several hours, and then turned over to the chloroform committee.

Later, when the Hoover proposal came before the Conference with a one-fourth or one-third disarmament proposition, it was supported by Litvinov more strongly than by the representatives of America.

That the Soviet Union stood consistently for drastic disarmament is not my opinion alone, but is that of practically all the press and close observers. Moscow has a right to be proud of her peace record at the Geneva Disarmament Conference.

To think disarmament and plan to keep arms at the same time involves an irreconcilable contradiction, I have seen this proven many times when, for example, experts sought agreements on such an "inhuman weapon" as poison gas. A contradiction intrudes itself.

I have also learned, as the roll of nations has been called, Portugal, Spain, Egypt, Greece, Germany, and so on—once powerful empires—that war is the negation of empire, its nemesis.

The work of the Disarmament Conference has been practically left in the hands of a committee consisting of the "Five Big Powers" plus President Henderson. They propose to report some "workable plan" on Jan. 23.

I regret to say that the outlook for real disarmament is not hopeful. Personally, I have no hope of peace by disarmament unless it be total disarm-

(*Continued on page* 335)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1933 Number 21

COURAGE

Courage is but a word, and yet, of words,
The only sentinel of permanence;
The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,
And on. For faith—without it—has no sense;
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;
And life forever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not, before it prayer will blush,
Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.
'Tis the mysterious soul which never yields,
But hales us on and on to breast the rush
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—
Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

—*John Galsworthy.*

One of Mr. Roosevelt's most trying problems is the choice of a cabinet. But why have a cabinet? "We have no foreign policy," says the New York *Times,* so why have a Secretary of State? The treasury is empty —so why bother with a Secretary of the Treasury? The army could be disbanded and the navy sunk, to the great advantage of everybody concerned—so why not go ahead, and thus dispense with these two officials? There is no labor in the country any more, only unemployment—so the Secretary of Labor can just as well be laid off. Commerce is dead—and the Secretary of Commerce can therefore be dismissed. Agriculture is prostrate—so the Secretary of Agriculture is a quite unnecessary luxury. The Post Office has got to run, at least for a little while longer; but the Postmaster-General is never anything more than a political adviser, so why not make political advice a private commodity, and leave the First Assistant Postmaster-General to run the office, as per usual? The Attorney-General would seem to be a fixture, but could justice be in any lower estate in this country if this official were not appointed? This leaves only the Secretary of the Interior, a kind of man-of-all-work, who might well be retained, perhaps, as the President's valet, chauffeur, and bodyguard. The more we think of this idea of dropping the cabinet, the better we like it. The relief to the President would be incalculable. The saving in terms of economy would be colossal, for not only would salaries be wiped out, but all the cost of secretaries, telephones, automobiles, stationery, and cigars. As for Washington, there would be the ineffable relief of getting rid of the "stuffed-shirt" scourge. We think the city, to say nothing of the nation itself, would take on a new lease of life, enjoy a veritable renaissance, if only this reform could be accomplished. But it is unlikely! Once an office is created, it has to be filled. The government exists, among other purposes, to give employment to otherwise idle and deserving citizens. So Mr. Roosevelt is worrying about the appointment of men who on the 4th of March next will come to Washington to sign papers, attend dinners, dress parades, and—draw salaries.

Congress is dead set against a sales tax. So is President-elect Roosevelt! Even those Congressmen who favor a sales tax agree that its modest impost of 1 or 2 per cent should not be levied upon food, clothing, shoes, and other necessities of life. Yet here is this new farm legislation, already passed by the House and likely to be passed by the Senate, which imposes an enormous sales tax upon food! Of course, this legislation is not called a sales tax, and would be denied as such by its supporters. But what is it in its essentials? In order to help the hard-pressed farmer, the parity bill takes four basic commodities—wheat, cotton, tobacco, and hogs—to which later were added rice, butter fat, and peanuts, and places these under a tax of 100 per cent or more, ultimately to be paid, of course, by the consumer. It levies an enormous sales tax, in other words, upon those very food commodities which everybody agrees should be exempt from taxation—this in order to help the farmer on the theory that the tax would raise the price of these articles, the raised price would reduce the demand, and purchasers would turn to substitute articles which are now languishing in price for lack of demand. In addition, the impost lifted from consumers is to be paid over to the farmer on the condition that he cut down his planted acreage by 20 per cent or more. As a scheme for the rehabilitation of agriculture, the plan is doomed from the start. It will no more succeed than innumerable other subsidy programs have succeeded. But the prime objection to the plan is its deliberate robbing of Peter to pay Paul, its taking of money out of the pocket of the consumer to help the producer. Also, there is the dishonesty of the legislation—the levying of a sales tax under the concealment of another name, when public opinion has repudiated such a tax. We pity the farmer—but this bill must be defeated!

Things are certainly happening in this great republic when the legislature of one of our 48 states seriously discusses the idea of secession from the Union. It has always been assumed that this "secesh" ghost was laid forever in the bloody sacrifice of the Civil War. But these are times no less stormy than the slavery days, and feeling apparently is running as high in the West against the East as ever it did in the South against the North. At any rate, we have the record that on January 17th last the Senate of North Dakota considered a resolution recommending that thirty-nine states be invited to secede from the Union and set up a government of their own altogether separate and apart from the other nine states of "the financial East." These nine states were named as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The resolution, we are told in a special dispatch of the Associated Press, was turbulently debated, and led to the charge that it was a proposal "bordering on treason." But the sponsors of the resolution insisted that the time had come when a new country of the West should be established, "to have no treaty or trade relations, no agreement or understanding whatsoever, no business or social connections (with the East)," and "to build anew and carry out the principles of democratic government as founded by Washington and Jefferson." And these same sponsors actually secured a vote of 28 to 20, to "publish the resolution"! That this action is to be taken as anything very serious in itself is not to be believed. But that it has importance as one among many signs of the times is evident. More and more this depression is stirring the people to revolt. Not knowing what to do, they are striking out wildly here and there. But before long programs will be formulated, leaders will appear, and then—watch out!

Georgia is a state of the American Union, and claims to be civilized. For this reason it has objected hotly to the charges of beastly injustice and cruelty contained in the Paul Muni feature film, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," which was based on the actual experiences of a Georgia prisoner. But this very indignation was evidence that what we mean by civilization has not yet penetrated the state, for it shows that its citizens have not yet discovered that a chain-gang itself, altogether apart from the precise details of its management, is a token of savagery. A society which will tolerate such an institution, much less defend it, is still living in the dark ages. And now comes fresh and even more terrible evidence of the brute jungle of Georgia's life. Some weeks ago a Negro citizen, who chanced to be a member of the Communist Party—as legal a political organization under our Constitution and statute laws as the Republican or Democratic Party—was rash enough to cross the border from civilization into this barbarous territory. Nineteen years old, a resident of Cincinnati, Angelo Herndon went south, according to his own testimony, to present "a message of Communism," and he found himself arrested and in due course convicted of attempting to incite insurrection, and sentenced to eighteen to twenty years' imprisonment. The absurdity of this punishment —if punishment for such alleged offense is to be tolerated under the First Amendment of the Constitution— is manifest. Men commit murder, and get away with far lighter penalties. But more manifest still is its sheer iniquity—the locking up of a mere boy for the best part of his mature manhood just for holding opinions not liked by the sadistic morons of Georgia. That this state has one of the worst prison systems in the country has long been known. That it held the record year after year for lynchings is a matter of history. Its educational work is characteristically inadequate and low grade. Its standards of public life are matched only by Heflin's Alabama and Huey Long's Louisiana. And now comes this latest abomination which would disgrace the state were it not already lost to shame. We applaud and second the motion of Heywood Broun that "the President order the marines lately arrived from Nicaragua to land upon (Georgia's) coast and restore order and protect American interests."

The disappearance of religious magazines goes on. A year or so ago there was carnage among the geographical *Christian Advocates*. The *Baptist* has just gone under, passing over its subscribers and goodwill to the *Christian Century*. Persistent rumors out of Boston tell of plans for the merging of the *Christian Register* (Unitarian) and the *Christian Leader* (Universalist). *Zion's Herald* has greatly reduced its size. All this means something. Obviously, at first glance, the depression! A few more years of "the same" will snuff out not only the church papers of this country, but also other magazines which are something like fixtures in our lives. All one has to do is to study the advertising pages (if any!) of contemporary publications to foresee what is destined soon to occur. Then there is the fact of sectarian journalism itself. Interest in our denominations as such was once great, and large bodies of loyal subscribers supported denominational organs as they supported political organs. But our denominations now, outside of Fundamentalist ranks, have few thick-and-thin adherents. Religious interest, in so far as it exists at all, is now diffused and enlightened. It seeks expression in thought that is free, and in action that is social. Mankind, and not any chosen group thereof, is the center of attention. All of which, good in itself, is bad for the theological party organs! The *Christian Century* itself is a positive demonstration of this fact. Most successful and powerful of all religious magazines, a competitor on even terms with the greater secular weeklies, it has won

its position of distinction and influence not only by the exceptional ability of its editors, but also by its steadfast adherence to an undenominational type of religious idealism. The pioneer in this field, of course, was UNITY, which blazed the trail to spiritual independence more than fifty years ago. It was a valiant and far-seeing group of men who started this paper upon its way, of whom our venerable, highly honored and still active colleague, J. T. Sunderland, is the sole survivor. What these men saw, Jenkin Lloyd Jones fulfiled and glorified in the great days of his editorship. And today, in spite of hard times, UNITY still goes on. Its hold on the devotion of its friends, as its range of distribution throughout the nation and the world, is unmatched by any of its competitors. "Fight on, fare ever"!

The late George Moore was an eccentric—like so many other figures in the curious literary world. One wonders, sometimes, if one has to be a lunatic in order to be a great writer. Not if Shakespeare, or Scott, or Emerson are any criterion! But Moore was in many ways hardly sane, and unquestionably a great writer. Yet his greatness, like that of Pater and his school, was more in style than in real creative genius. He began, as it has always seemed to us, like a genius of the first order. His "Esther Waters" seemed to indicate that a successor to Thomas Hardy was in sight. Then the oddities of the man began to come to the fore. His style became an ever more and more marvellous thing—a flawless medium, compounded of sheer clarity and beauty. But gradually it came to be used primarily for its own sake, and themes of esoteric mystery and strange, remote, and fantastic interest began themselves to be the medium of the style itself. At last, as always happens in such cases, Moore turned in upon himself, and basked in the glow of the curious idea that his very queerness made his own personality an object of supreme importance. Even here, in this bizarre obsession, his artistry triumphed and made his work significant. But his egoistic ideas of limited editions and all the rest were the real sign of what had happened—the withdrawal of the man into the hidden centers of his own morbid and twisted life, and thus the loss of contact with reality. We have had some "queer sticks" in our contemporary literature. Frank Harris, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, George Moore—what peculiar people! And in each case we feel that their personal peculiarity is a precise measure of the failure of these people to reach those heights of glory which their talents, or even genius, had seemed to promise.

Does the End Justify the Means?

From time immemorial men have acted on the theory that the end justifies the means. There is no horror, no atrocity, that men have not committed in the name of the higher good. The nameless and hideous atrocities and obscenities pertaining to war are justified in the minds of their perpetrators on this ground. A general will cheerfully admit that the gaining of a certain objective will mean the killing and maiming of a hundred thousand men, men who know not why they slay or are being slain. But all this slaughter is in the name of a higher good.

All the horrors of the Inquisition were justified in the name of the higher good. The Inquisitors, in the extermination of the Albigenses, oftentimes risked their lives as they went from village to village, but they continued to the end their grim work of destruction, all because of a higher good. The road that mankind has traversed is strewn with the terrible record of "man's inhumanity to man" in the name of the higher good. The motto "the end justifies the means" has been the slogan of men who ruthlessly have trampled on the quivering bodies of women and children.

The story of the transformation of the Russian peasants into agricultural factory workers is another chapter in this story of the higher good. Maurice Hindus has told this story in his remarkable book, "Red Bread" (1931). No one who reads the tale can question at all the sincerity and the high purpose of the leaders of the movement looking toward the breaking down of the old peasant organization in Russia. The lot of the peasant under the old regime was hard. That of the man was bitter and cruel enough, but the lot of the woman was infinitely worse. The major portion of her life seems to have been spent in bearing and burying children. Poverty, filth, disease, and famine was the fate of herself and her family. Any effort to improve the life of the vast peasant population of Russia must win our sympathy. But when one reads the story of how it has been and is being done in the Soviet republic today, one wonders whether this particular method represents any real advance in human culture. Admitting that the peasants are better off in the *Kolhoz,* that the death rate is lower, and that in every way their standards of living are higher, one questions how it is that men who speak in the name of humanity can carry out their purposes with so much cruelty. A million *Koolacks,* stripped of their property, torn from the home of their childhood, have been sent either to the frozen lands of the north or to the wastelands, there either to die or to eke out a miserable existence.

The whole process can only be understood in terms of war. The Soviet leaders have certain objectives. These objectives are good. Therefore any

means are justified that will lead to the desired end. One of the characters in Mr. Hindus's book is a young girl, a leader in a collective or *kolhoz,* a person passionately devoted to the cause of the Revolution. Mr. Hindus and this young woman, Vera, were talking. As they talked, a number of wagons passed by loaded with logs and lumber. "Where did they come from?" asked Mr. Hindus. The reply was, "From some village where the property of *Koolacks* has been liquidated. These are their houses and barns." At this point in his book Mr. Hindus ceases to be subjective. He says,

> As I contemplated the teams plodding along this quiet road with the remains of households that were once astir with energy and sentiment and hope, I once more sensed the terrible inhumanity of the Revolution in its treatment of real or supposed enemies. Where now were the men and women and children who once inhabited these houses now being carted off in fragments as casually as if they were fallen trees from a forest?

Vera is a kindly person. There is no question of that. This is her justification. In reply to Mr. Hindus's question, "But wasn't it a cruel procedure?" she answered,

> Of course it was; but do you suppose it was a joy for us to go through the villages throwing people out of their homes and confiscating their possessions? We are not entirely bereft of feelings. One of my friends in our *raikom* told me that once while he was confiscating the possessions of a *koolack* a little girl of no more than three came up to him crying and begged, 'Uncle dear, please leave us enough bread so that we won't die of hunger.' He was so upset that he had to run out of the house to hide his tears. There now!

"Did he go back in and continue the liquidation?" Mr. Hindus asked. And she replied, "Of course he did. He had to. The *koolack* is the *bourzhui* in the village and he has to go."

Then, as if feeling the need of further justification of procedure, unparalleled in history, she added, "It is either the *kolhoz* or the *koolack*. The two cannot live side by side. Don't you see?" She seemed grown up now, and formidable—a warrior on the firing line, sure and decisive and pitiless.

Mr. Hindus evidently believes that the *kolhoz* has come to stay and that it will raise the standard of living for the peasant. Nevertheless, one wonders how long must it be that humanity must progress by the way of brute force. Mr. Hindus's book is a pathetic one. It is a story of sadness, sorrow, agony. It is Golgotha over and over again. And one wonders as he reads if it is necessary that some men shall tread ruthlessly into the mire men, women and children, in order that other men may live in peace and plenty.

Surely no one who knows anything about the conditions under the old regime can wish its restoration. He can only hope that these highly idealistic men may succeed. And yet one cannot fail to question any values bought at so great a cost.*

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

*Recent reports from Russia indicate the growing disaster that has followed the drastic farm policy of the Stalin regime. Mr. Hindus, recently returned from another trip to Russia, has brought back a tragic account of the condition of the peasantry. There are indications also that the Kremlin is seeing its mistake, and is preparing a fundamental change of policy.—EDITOR.

Jottings

Our recent Christmas appeal for subscription gifts to keep UNITY in the hands of certain old friends now financially stricken and thus unable to continue the paper, met with prompt response. But we still have some old subscribers uncared for. Send us $3, $6, and thus help to hold the family intact!

Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was stricken the other day with a sudden and complete loss of voice just as he was about to step upon the stage. There must be a germ of this disease! If so, we would like to see it planted in the office of Senator Huey Long.

Credit Ex-Mayor James J. Walker with knowing what is good for him these days—life on the Riviera, three thousand and more miles away from New York.

There *is* progress! Thus, the "lame duck" Amendment has been ratified, and the United States Constitution at last brought up to date with the age of the railroad, the automobile, and the aeroplane.

"Beer Before Christmas" sounds now like Henry Ford's "Out of the Trenches by Christmas." It isn't so easy to get liquor back, after all. And the "wets" are beginning to wonder if they want it back, and how?

Anselm was born 900 years ago this year, in 1033. Queen Elizabeth and Montaigne, queer pair, were born in 1533. Samuel Pepys was born in 1633; and Joseph Priestley two hundred years ago, in 1733. Century anniversaries this year include "Chinese" Gordon (born in January, 1833), Brahms (in May), Burne-Jones (in August), Bach (in September), and Edwin Booth (in November). These are memorable dates.

J. H. H.

Crimson Tide

It is not safe to worship gold
Nor wise for any land to mold
Her aerial craft with scarlet wings;
Our safety lies in whiter things.

The churches kneel and exhort with psalms
While the hungry plead with frozen palms,
Yet rulers are deaf to cries for peace. . . .
The crimson tides of war increase.

ROSE ANDREWS.

Debts and Disarmament As a Way Out

At the beginning of 1933 our country still finds itself under the cumulative spell of a devastating depression now in its fourth year. Never have statesmen, financiers, and experts, as well as the plain people, been so disheartened and baffled. More than ten million workers unemployed in America and a total of forty million unemployed throughout the world create a challenge of the first magnitude to civilization that must be met. If the United States cannot cope with this incubus and point the way of recovery to the world, then the situation is indeed alarming.

A train off the track cannot be run. Our economic train is off the track. How can it best and soonest be put back? The problem is governmental and inter-governmental, largely as the result of the colossal waste of the Great War and its turbulent and profligate aftermath. But partisan politics has no place in this crisis, as it had no place during the war itself. If we can but lift the fog of depression from our own people, it will carry with it a reanimating boon to the world of humanity.

The purpose of this appeal is to present a way out, one that does not exclude or hamper other constructive measures, but one which we firmly believe is indispensable to any prompt solution of relief. We must seek such a source of relief for our national budget as will not only produce substantial reduction of existing taxation but will instill confidence and buying power by restoring decent values to the shrunken prices of our commodities, securities, and real estate. It has been estimated that these values have decreased 150 billion dollars in the last two years.

Fortunately such a solution lies at hand. It can be realized by a sound and strategic handling of the war debts. If the nations will agree to a holiday in armament construction until the world recovers from the depression, say, for the next four years, our savings will be enormous. Our own federal budget would thereby be cut down by 350 million dollars a year for each of the four years. At the same time the nations to agree to a progressive pro rata reduction of armaments so that at the end of the holiday they will be reduced to 50 per cent of their present status. A 50 per cent arms reduction would save our budget 300 million dollars a year. And of course the savings to the other nations would likewise be tremendous. With the armament holiday and reduction as a major condition, our plan provides for a final money settlement of the allied debts owing to our government, for the sum of 1 billion 250 million dollars in four equal yearly cash installments, with adequate guarantees by all the debtor governments. Thus the United States Treasury would, under our plan, receive a total budget benefit of over 600 million dollars a year for the next four years and one-half that amount annually and indefinitely thereafter.

The original principal of the debts owing to us by the allies was 10 billion dollars, which, with accumulated interest, amounted to 12 billion dollars. The original interest rate was 5 per cent. Our Debt Funding Commission from 1923 to 1926 readjusted the debts over a period of 62 years by greatly lowered interest rates averaging a little over 2 per cent. According to banking tables, taking a 5 per cent rate of discount, the debts were thereby reduced to 7 billion dollars. The allies have paid us in cash 2 billion 750 million dollars. With these credits the "present worth" of the debts (if collectible) calculated on the 5 per cent basis, is, roughly, 5 billion dollars.

Details of the plan follow:

1—The allied debts owing the United States to be settled by the payment of four equal yearly installments of $312,500,000, which total.....$ 1,250,000,000

2—As an absolute condition to this adjustment, the nations, including our own, to enter into a binding agreement, preferably at the Disarmament Conference, for a general holiday in all armament construction for the next four years, so as to assure the desired relief through the period of the present depression. Such holiday would save the American budget 350 million dollars a year, which, for four years, would be..... 1,400,000,000

Total benefit to our budget by the two items of payment and arms holiday for the four years.....$ 2,650,000,000

(Or 600 million dollars annually until 1937.)

3—In addition, the nations to agree to a progressive pro rata reduction of armaments so that, by the end of the holiday, armaments will be reduced by 50 per cent, there to remain indefinitely, or until further agreement. The saving for our budget on a 50 per cent arms cut would be 300 million dollars a year. This cut for eight years after the holiday would save our budget.....$ 2,400,000,000

Thus making a grand total saving during the next twelve years of the full amount of the "present worth" of our allied debts, towit.....$ 5,050,000,000

(This arms cut budget relief to us of 300 million dollars a year should continue indefinitely thereafter. And of course the savings to the European nations by the armament holiday and reduction would be enormous and their buying power would be vastly increased.)

4—Great Britain to cancel her 7 billion dollars of claims against her European allies, France to cancel her 2 billion dollars and Italy her 1 billion dollars of similar claims. And the 90 per cent reduction of German reparations conditionally agreed to by the allies at Lausanne last June would automatically become absolute. The effect of all the foregoing would be to blot out the existing tan-

gle of war-indebtedness which is as follows:

(a) European allied debt to Great Britain	$ 7,000,000,000
(b) European allied debt to France	2,000,000,000
(c) European allied debt to Italy	1,000,000,000
(d) European allied debt to United States ("present worth")	5,000,000,000
(e) German reparations as they stood just prior to the Lausanne agreement	7,000,000,000
Total	$22,000,000,000

Thus the entire inter-governmental indebtedness of 22 billion dollars, including German reparations, that oppresses eighteen European nations would be settled by the payment of a little less than 2 billion dollars and the war mess finally cleaned up.

5—In order further to promote good will and general appeasement the contested claims that have been asserted, particularly by British citizens, against ten of our States, should be abandoned and released.

6—Our government's claims against Germany arising out of the balance of the Army of Occupation costs and the award of the Mixed Claims Commission, should be adjusted and settled on a fair basis.

7—In addition the installment payments due on December 15, 1932, from such allies as have defaulted shall be paid as a part of this program.

The original principal of the allied debt to us was 10 billion dollars. As we have already received 2 billion 750 million dollars and this plan provides for an additional 1 billion 250 million dollars, we will thus be receiving directly on our debts cash payments aggregating 4 billion dollars, or 40 per cent of the original principal.

In addition, the money savings to the United States as a direct result of the arms holiday and reduction continuing indefinitely through the years, will be incalculable as well as inestimable. Of course the same would be true of the other nations of the world. Here we have a wholesale community of interest.

With the vexing war legacies first cleaned up under an American program, the good will engendered by the debt, reparation and armament adjustments, will render the solution of the other important monetary and economic questions far easier and will insure the success of the coming International Economic Conference.

As we fought the war and invested 40-odd billions of dollars therein to destroy militarism and to establish durable world peace it would be a calamitous blunder not to utilize these debts to secure the high aims for which we so unselfishly fought. For peace pacts and covenants will not avail if these huge armaments are to be maintained and an armed peace is indefinitely prolonged. So equally for financial relief and for the desideratum of world peace drastic reduction of armaments is indispensable. We believe the European peoples are willing to cut down their armaments and pursue the paths of peace, but if they are not, it will be worse than useless, it might be positively detrimental to the cause of peace, to further cut down our debts. The United States, seeking and taking no spoils of war, is now the only clear international creditor, and has the right and faces the duty to make these proposals and demands in the name of justice, peace, and of suffering humanity.

SALMON O. LEVINSON.

MacDonald and His Government

[From Our Special Correspondent]

Writing in these columns just after the "National" Government took office, I spoke of MacDonald as a Guy Fawkes in gumshoes who had blown up the Mother of Parliaments. Visiting England again when the "National" Government has been over a year at work I hear from all sides, including politicians and high officials, that "nobody is interested in Parliament." Men who have spent half a lifetime at Westminster say they have never known a Parliament so lifeless.

For years England seemed, to the visitor from the Continent, to be politically stagnant. Now at least there seems to be the stirring of something new, as if with the disappearance of the old Parties and the old jargon the country had shed a coat and was now considering what next to wear. The working-classes are disillusioned with Social-Democracy; they waste no time on damning the MacDonalds and Snowdens but express themselves by skepticism of those men's successors, they realize that Parliament is a swindle, but farther than that they have not yet gone. In most European Capitals the young "intelligentsia" hovers between Fascism and Communism; in London parlor-bolshevism is as fashionable as in New York. But being English a question of compromise naturally comes in. Mr. Wells jumps up with his "Liberal Fascism." (Wells is just recovering from his disappointment at finding the Melchetts and Beaverbrooks and other magnates will not face the "logical consequences" of the sources of their dividends and become good cosmopolitans!)

Almost everywhere abroad the arrival of the "national" Government was acclaimed as a sign of regeneration. It would be as unkind to the conservatives of London and Paris to quote what they said about MacDonald then, as it would be to that gentleman to repeat what they think of him now! The Government has indeed been a disaster; whether at home or abroad its record is one of ineptitude, broken pledges, and skullduggery. From the Sino-Japanese war, which Simon seemed to delight in encouraging, down to their whole-hogging Protectionism, they have proved once more that a politician's word is like piecrust, made to be broken. On the currency question they seem to have no ideas left, having failed in all they attempted. The Social Services have been cut

to the bone, and years of what used to be called "evidence of progress" has been wiped away. Only the contracts with the rich remain holy. Simon and Neville Chamberlain are all for welching on the British debt to America, but nobody suggests "welching" on the colossal sums the taxpayers annually pay to the patriots who so nobly lent their money during the war, and have been scraping the skin off their country ever since. "Voluntary conversion" is the worst that can happen to them. Our European "moralists" have never yet explained why one debt should be sacred and the other not. In every question into which they could get their hooks, vested interests have had no opposition; such matters as Town Planning, London Transport, and Mining have clearly shown MacDonald's "national" crew to be, with two, perhaps three, exceptions, a gang of hard-boiled twisters who have done well out of the peace, just as Lloyd George's famous Coalition was notoriously a gang of hard-faced thugs who had done well out of the war.

The long line of statesmen seems indeed to have petered out into a rabble of hired politicians and lawyers, many of them with minds so sharp that in another class of society they would have been landed in the dock instead of at the bar. But, after all, "leaders" are not required to supervise the erection of props round a crumbling edifice. What that job calls for is foremen. Today the bankers are the bosses, the politicians are just their hodmen. The present situation may be summed up in the words of a book* now being widely read. "The alternative policy (to Fascism) of the capitalists is to meet 'the crisis,' to meet, that is to say, the growing chaos of their system of production and the growing challenge of the working class, by fusing the old capitalist parties and transforming their character and methods. This policy has some important advantages for any ruling class which has the skill to use it. It enables many more of the deceptive forms of democracy to be maintained; above all, it facilitates the transformation of the leaders of the workers' own parties into invaluable allies of the ruling class."

Stark reaction from India to Dublin is the trademark of the "national" Government, as was to be expected from its birth and leadership. So damning was its record and so unpopular its nominal head that a comical and lively effort was made to make the Lausanne Conference appear as a personal triumph for the Prime Minister. We had the usual set of photos of the "handsome, grave face" plunged into thought, and the usual peacocking when its owner returned to London. But despite all, the triumph had nothing Roman about it. Lausanne was the funeral of an imbecility; MacDonald's effort to gain kudos therefrom may have been characteristic but was not inspiring. As usual he left a mass of still unsolved mysteries as to what he did or did not say in private, which have not facilitated the Allied Debt question; and for the rest, all the world knew that Germany would not pay more reparations anyway, so there was no masterly statesmanship involved in letting her off. Little Tommy Jones, in the same situation, would have had to do just what was done by the Great Scot. No! as a Statesman MacDonald comes no nearer than looking the part; even the *Times* has taken to making hints about the "fearful strain of the burdens of office" which, from such a quarter, is almost an invitation to the Lords. But as the carver of a career without undue help from fortune, MacDonald has been a success. He rode on the backs of the British working class until he became strong enough to step on their faces. Dryden knew the type:

> Art thou a statesman
> And canst not be a hypocrite? Impossible.

and again:

> We never valued right or wrong
> But as they served our cause.

As an institution the House of Lords is an anachronism. I look forward with pleasure and confidence to the day when that costly museum will have ceased to exist, and the titles with it of course. But I have received the report of a debate there last month which goes far to compensate for the dreary hours of humbug and platitude with which the place is associated. The subject was "Trade in Arms," and the chief speaker Lord Marley.

The speech was a good one, packed with facts, and, as he said, it is too bad that only 25 out of 740 Peers found time to turn up. Lord Marley wished to know why the British Government insisted upon supporting private manufacture and trade in arms and why it refused even to consider the French proposal for its complete suppression. The Frenchman was quite categoric—"In reality there is no real difficulty in the way of total suppression of private manufacture." (He overlooked the Constitution difficulties of America!) Unlike the French proposal, Lord Marley's question was of course purely formal and designed to provide an expression of opinion. Nobody has any illusions as to the complete hypocrisy of the Government as regards disarmament. How could they have when Sir John Simon, Foreign Secretary, chief delegate to the Disarmament Conference, is so deeply "interested" in Imperial Chemicals, the most dangerous end of the British Armaments ring! MacDonald himself received a deputation of Bishops on Disarmament a few weeks ago. (The Bishop of Hereford, who is listed as a shareholder in the chief firm of British armaments manufacturers, was not among them.) Said the high priest of cant to the Bishops: "Help us do the Big Thing!" Then, as spokesman of the Government, he wrote to Vickers Armstrong to encourage their export of arms to China, regarding which the President of the Board of Trade said, "It is not the practice to make public information as to the value of material covered by export licenses." Yet the same Government professes to believe that the admittedly "evil effects of private manufacture" could be eliminated by "publicity"!

But to return to the noble Communist Lord. He quoted the reasons given by the Temporary Mixed Commission of 1921 as to why private manufacture should be "examined." The reasons were: the fomenting of war scares and influencing of warlike policies; the bribery of Government officials; the spreading of false reports concerning foreign building programs; the poisoning of public opinion by the purchase of newspapers used for propaganda; the internationalization of the Armaments Trusts and their price rackets, etc. And he went on to mention a number of ex-Government officials and officers who are now employed by Vickers-Armstrong. It sheds an interesting light on the bourgeois mind that, although the facts

*"The Coming Struggle for Power," by John Strachey.

given proved once again that their "patriotism," and for that matter the lives of their sons, are merely commercial products sold across the counters of these bloody concerns, nevertheless the only thing which roused the furious indignation of such nobles as the Duke of Atholl was the public mention of the new jobs held by their "personal friends"! They vigorously insisted that they were not ashamed that these "magnificent servants of their country" should be employed by a firm which in the past has often been shown to have supplied weapons and ammunition which have been used against their countrymen. "The straightest men in the country" can get away with all that in the Lords, what is so utterly damnable is to mention the fact and enable people to think out the connection. And this is the order of society which can still rouse "patriotism" and still can hope to make men die for it!

Shearer, of course, came in for another dishonorable mention, both his past performances and the low fellow's appearance at the Geneva Conference again last year. It is all to the good that Shearer and his bosses should receive daily attention, so long as the exposure due to the crudity of American methods does not conceal or blind us to the more subtle machinations of others. True, the latest example from the continent is anything but subtle. Schneider-Creusot, the great French Armaments concern which, with the Comité des Forges, already owns half the Paris press and hires the rest, has suddenly reached out and bought up the *Journal de Geneve* right under the eyes of the League of Nations and the assembled peace societies. This certainly seems a blatant way of serving notice on the world that vested interests in war propose to make a job of the Conference! But think of the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of arms and munitions made and sold by Britain, and with only one big scandal, I believe. That certainly was a pretty bad one though its disclosure did not destroy its effects. The hero was an English pre-war Shearer named Mulliner and the result was intensified naval building against Germany and a consequent hastening of the war.

The joke of the debate was in the tail, for the Government spokesman was Viscount Hailsham, Secretary of State for War, who was mentioned as a holder of shares in the last Annual Return of Vickers! This fact was not referred to, of course, except in that very oblique fashion peculiar to the place. In any case it has nothing to do with it, as we have often been told. The field of investment is outside the scope of morality.

It all lies in how you do it. In England you cannot be too noble for Vickers, but you do not talk about the connection; it "isn't done," any more than it is about venereal disease or religion. I once knew a builder of warships who used to boast that he had worked for practically every government in the world. And then would come the tid-bit, uttered with patriotic pride, "and the only case in which I did not have to include in the tender a commission for the man who placed the order, was the British"! The Duke of Atholl would have loved that man. Compare such righteous sentiments with the offensive crudity of another acquaintance of mine, this time a German metal magnate, whom I have actually heard say with his vulgar laugh: "Let the French have all the armaments they want, all I ask is to be allowed to sell them some of the steel." Herr Hugenberg, the ultra-nationalist patriot and propagandist, the German Hearst, Press Chain proprietor and owner of the Ufa Film producing and theater chain companies, is, in his capacity as Director of Krupps, also of a like opinion. Ah, yes! It all lies in how you do it; it is almost as important to be British as to buy British.

War is a matter of business for the few and of sentiment for the many; and this sentiment of the many is deliberately corrupted by the few for business purposes. This to my mind is the crux of the matter and the key to the problem. The man whose patriotism can stand against *proof* of that cold, appalling fact is nothing nobler than a half-wit.

It is because the facts are carefully concealed from the vast majority of people, because it is rarely more than whispered even by "peace societies," that so many millions of sincere honest people can so easily be made to splutter "my country right or wrong." The root of the sentiment is natural; it is its exploitation which is diabolical. For most people the place of their early associations exercises great emotional appeal, and emotion, like fire, is a good servant but a poor master. It can very easily be channeled deep and used for irrational purposes. It does not "serve" a country to die for it; obviously to live wisely does your neighbors far more good.

A chance has now come for everyone who cares for peace, for everybody who has a child's life to protect, to learn the facts for themselves and themselves do something to make war more difficult, by exposure of the canker at the root of the madness—profits. Every reader of UNITY, wherever they may be, should read the new pamphlet "The Secret International," already in its fourth printing and certainly more widely quoted in Britain than any other publication dealing with peace questions. There is in it no word of political propaganda; it is published by the Union of Democratic Control in London at the price of six pence, and is the work of Miss Dorothy Woodman. By this date it should be obtainable from every peace society worthy of the name in any English-speaking country. Get it and read it! Within its fifty pages is concentrated, in more readable form than ever before, a mass of information which is as invaluable for the enlightenment of the innocent as it is effective for the confusion of the hypocrite.

HARRISON BROWN.

Poet of Poets

For joy He worked His first great miracle,
And all of them meant comfort, health and calm;
How many words of His were lyrical . . .
His life itself was God's serenest psalm.

We know that Mary's work was poetry,
Compared with Martha's so reluctant duty;
And while He taught of truth that sets men free,
For Him the "better part" a mind for beauty.

An Epic ends with its great hero's death,
A Saga closes with a threnody.
But Light and Life and Truth His Shibboleth,
Himself the flower of Immortality.

EVELYN M. WATSON.

"The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood"

A Story of the Appalachia

This morning chance supplied my need of a book by placing under my hand a copy of "Twice Told Tales." As I read the story of the "Gentle Boy" my thoughts lingered not with the fanatical settlers of New England but with our own "contemporary ancestors." How little does the mind of orthodoxy and prejudice vary. Surely the speed craze of our industrial civilization has "no transfer" in the intellect of the common man.

Rounding a sudden curve in the road, you come upon the little church, but if dusk is upon the valley you may perchance mistake it for a part of the woodland. Unpainted, its wood seasoned to a pleasant brown, with no warty vestibule nor pride of belfry, it might well have been the inspiration of the familiar song though its "wildwood" be but a second growth of sycamore, beech and "bean-wood" trees. A graceful footlog over a modest creek is the means of approach to the two doorways which remind you on Sundays, if perchance you have forgotten during the week, that "male and female created he them."

I shall never forget my first sight of the quaint meeting-house. Having grown up with the sound of the elevated railroad in my ears, my suppressed desires for rural "scenes of my childhood" took form and shape. To go on sunny Sunday mornings to that little church and there to kneel with the simple country folk in an honest worship bare of formulas and vested choirs, that indeed would be holy joy. Fearing lest my new neighbors interpret my presence as the wish of a "proud" city person to remake their service according to more stylish pattern, I stayed away from the church for six months at which time there came the opportunity for which I longed, an invitation to help in the Sunday School.

That first Sunday morning as I sat within those white-washed walls, in the hard red-painted wooden pew, and listened to the tuneful but untrained voices loitering through "There is Sunshine in my Heart Today," my spirit, too, sang the old hymn. Here among these unlettered Anglo-Saxons, free from the hurry and fever of industrial centers, here at last was peace.

On the following Sunday I was invited to play the squealy organ. The choice of hymns was left to me, the kindly minister voicing the sentiment that the mind of the preacher and the mind of the organist were sure to be in spiritual harmony. As every Sunday I played the old hymns, I came to believe that the simple Christian virtues were to be found here where unmarried mothers and the children, scorned in a more cultured group, were accepted with simple friendliness by those more fortunately circumstanced. The Sunday School superintendent, addicted to chewing tobacco, spat with the regularity of a metronome behind the organ and therefore over my shoulder but after my complete immunity was assured, I minded it not in the least. His singing was so hearty and his tone so affectionate when in the midst of the service he would turn to his wife with "Lindy, you pray."

As the months went by, the same few neighbors were in regular attendance. The Elmers and Mossers, the Fergusons, the Fresslers and the Urners. The congregation varied in size according to weather or incident of sickness but in the personnel not at all. A more intimate knowledge of the community discovered a rift.

"Taint no use," said old Martin Van Buren Wessel one day, "this yere church aint what it was onct. I kin recollect when Preacher Wykoff held a meetin' for sixteen weeks straight. He come every night not stoppin' fur rain nor nothin'. One night it did rain powerful. The Preacher, he aint nigh so tall as me but when he come apast my house, I hollered at him and made him come in and put on a pair of my pants. They was heaps longer'n his'n but he did'nt pay no account of them pants, and my! his preachin' that night! You could jist see your old mother standin' right before you and there wasn't a soul that didn't have to cry wonderful when we sung, 'If you love your mother, meet her in the sky.' Them days is gone. That was before them 'Devil Christians' was in this here part of the country."

"What are 'Devil Christians,' Uncle Mart?"

"Why these here folks what talks devil language and says it's 'unknown tongues.' They rolls on the floor and dances and carries on high and I wouldn't doubt that the Good Man will punish them proper one of these here days."

"Do any of the people around here do that?"

"You all ain't been in yere long enuf yit to know the people 'round yere. There's the hull lot of Biglers. They all goes out the Pike a Saturday and Sunday and the Gates and the Norths and the Smiths. All their grandpaps helped build this church. Old Columbus Bigler, he gives the land and Rockford North's grandpap, he gives the lumber. All our folks was friends in them days. It makes me feel awful bad to see them insultin' the Lord like they are adoin' now."

"Don't you think they will come back into this church some day "

"It's hard to tell. I just couldn't say but we'd sure be glad to have them back into the true church again. I don't rightly see how we can git the new rooft we need so bad without we git some more folks a comin' reglar."

After this conversation I saw a great deal of the "devil Christians." As the teacher of the one-room school I was often in their homes. One jaded mother worn with work in the strawberry patch, but with a light in her face, told how the house, where she and her children had worked with little help from her drunken husband, had been made into a home since "Pap had come under the Power." I went to their meetings. They sang with the same joy as my neighbors who worshipped in the little church. Their belief in the immediate Second Coming gave to their faces the expression of those who see coming joys through a doorway already half open.

A year went round and the meeting out on the Pike dissolved for lack of funds. The converts in the neighborhood met therefore in their several houses. In the meantime membership in the little church had not increased by the addition of one new member. Sunday after Sunday all through the rough winter months saw smoke rising from the two little brick chimneys and saw the kindly superintendent always in his place by the organ. Every Sunday did they pray asking for blessing "on our neighbors and our neighbors' chil-

dren"—that every house "should become a house of prayer." Every Sunday and twice during the week, their "neighbors and the neighbors' children" met and tried to make their houses "houses of prayer."

All these little log houses were small. Those who had withdrawn from the church could afford no meeting house. Six nights a week the little church stood empty. Why not on week nights, open the door to the former members? Perchance coming back on weekdays would some time bring them back on Sunday.

The Superintendent smiled kindly at my earnestness but his tone was firm and cold.

"Never while I can prevent it, will this church be used to insult God."

But were not they all Christians and if they had erred would not a spirit of forgiveness lead them back?

"No devil preaching can come into this church." The kindliness had gone from his face now and in its place—a Spanish inquisitor, a Puritan fanatic, a slayer of witches.

Another six months and the little church had become smaller by the removal of one family of nine to the other side of the mountain. Interest among the new sect had lagged and the discord at home was mirrored in the dissensions in the school yard.

"Pap, he said you'uns would all go to Hell fur usin' that there devil sled. He made us sell ours since he got the Holy Ghost."

"We may slide on sleds but the devil will get you for dancin' in meetin'."

Many and repeated visits finally discovered a willingness on the part of the "back-sliders" to come again to the little church. "We'd all like to come back but we just know they'd insult us. If they wouldn't say nuthin' to us we'd all come back. Our meetin's ain't as good as they was."

Rejoicing I saw the Superintendent and in turn all the congregation. "Sure they can come back. We'll be right glad to see them. We won't jaw them nor nothin' so long as they leave their wickedness at home."

One bright morning when all nature was at peace, when the blue-bells and hepaticas were retelling the simple story of spring, the two plain doors were opened into the house of God. As ten o'clock drew near, faces unseen within those walls for many months, appeared at the door. During the first hymn the doors opened twice, thrice and those who had been away so long came back. Old neighbors nodded smilingly to one another. Men who had worked in the same hay field but who had not worshipped together, for many long months, sang from the same hymn-book. Joy was in every face. The organ did not squeak, the preacher spoke not of hell but of heaven. In the silence between the last hymn and the benediction the song of the robins came in through the open windows. We sang, "God be with you 'till we meet again," and we felt He was there in spirit and in truth.

We rose to greet one another. The minister rose. "One minute. I feel called to say just one thing. I want to say that we have heard that you devil Christians were coming here to break up ———"

"If it's devil Christians yu callin' us ———"

I heard no more. I put my fingers in my ears and ran ———

BEULAH KIMBERLY.

The Study Table

Three Giants

This reviewer picked up the first of these three literary self-portraits* and read on avidly through its thousand pages from cover to cover: he lays it down with the conviction that it is nothing less than the life-story of one of the restricted few of the living great ones of our time. A passionate soul with complete frankness pours before us the stream of its own history and of its surrounding milieu.

Space forbids my trying to compress even the outline of this woman's Odyssey here; her coming to these foreign shores from her native Russia, the land to which more than any other the world is beholden today for so much already; her joining Most and Berkman in the Anarchist movement at the time of the Haymarket hanging in 1887; the self-less devotion and loyalty to both Czolgosz and Berkman when they were branded as assassins; the constant struggle against the oppressive State with its barons of industry and their protectors the police; her convinced pacifism in wartime America, and her wounded disillusionment in postwar Soviet Russia.

It is with regard to the latter score that one has regrets for Emma Goldman, the revolutionist. With the power of self-restraint that she had in full measure in other demands of her life extended also to that freedom that she loved so much, she might have accepted Russia instead of turning upon it and condemning it. But she was true to herself. Kropotkin, at whose feet she figuratively sat, and Marx, whose classless society she looked forward to, she was unable to reconcile.

And it's because of an idealism which she divorced from its indispensable preparatory stage and technique! What she revolted against in Soviet Russia—and most understandably, knowing her life—was the dictatorship. Apparently she refused to accept the very center of Marx's Socialism, the dictatorship of the proletariat; she wanted to bring nearer his ideal of a classless society, but she found herself unable to fit into the real intermediate stage which the present one is. Only as the tables are turned in this hard world and the working masses become masters of their own fate, can they proceed to evolve their truly classless society; even today she might see in that Plato-like "Republic" the actual realization of the principle of mutual-aid which the same Kropotkin ingeniously placed before the world as a universal principle as valid as Darwin's competitive principle of survival-of-the-fittest. This is one of the most glaring fundamental differences between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R., which is too often lost sight of. Or in her unbridled devotion to "liberty," Emma Goldman might well remember regarding Anarchism, the words Lenin quoted: "Truth does not reside in systems." But enough of argumentation! One can only worship this invincible human spirit engaged for a life-time in the struggles of society and the individual

*"Living My Life," by Emma Goldman. Knopf, New York. $7.50, two volumes; "The Story of My Life," by Clarence Darrow. Scribner, New York. $3.50; "Dawn": a history of myself, by Theodore Dreiser. Liveright, New York. $5.00.

personality; a rebel and a dissenter for whom we must carve a niche in history.

Such martyrs as Emma Goldman, as Eugene Debs, John Altgeld, et al., and their legal right to their liberty provide the frame for our next portrait, that of Clarence Darrow. He last held the attention of the nation in the Massie sex-murder case, which he consistently undertook but which is not typical of his life-work. This is clearly recognized when we call the roll of the *causes celebres* upon which his greatness rests: the Debs, the Heywood, and the McNamara trials.

One-half of his story he argues for his own *weltanschauung;* his belief in agnosticism, determinism, and anarchism. For it is the latter that explains his appearance throughout the land as the champion of the liberty of the harassed rebel, the story that constitutes the second half of his memoirs. Regarding the former, it is worth noting that, in the Scopes case, the outcome was not worth the powder used on it, and drives home the truth that in the long run one is merely barking up the wrong tree in concentrating on issues that are academic as compared to the labor struggles.

Darrow was drawn to his predestined work by his very nature. Though holding down a remunerative and respectable position, he chafed at the necessary subservience to his higher-ups. He threw it up at a personal sacrifice, and cast himself into the midst of the fray as champion of unpopular causes. "In my vocabulary there is no such word as guilt and no such thing as moral wrong," he said, and this philosophy underlay his stupendous legal battles. He saw these individuals that the government was bent on punishing as victims of the very society they were a part of, and persisted in saving for them their freedom that they might go on in their inalienable right.

Why he constantly defended the downtrodden and humble was because they were the ones who tragically fell afoul of the law. Darrow perceived the inevitable tension, with organization economic, social and religious on the one side, and the individual laborer on the other. Like Justice Holmes he saw the need of balancing the scales. As the embattled defender of the liberty, equality and dignity of the individual, the oratorical Darrow was in court a veritable pleader for social justice in an unjust social order. Thus we understand the statement on the dust-wrapper: "His amazing life could have occurred nowhere but in America."

Many a respectable head must have rested uneasy on its pillow, with Darrow forestalling the punishment of the so-called enemies of government; but he was not fortifying the smug comfort of the dominant class at the expense of the unduly persecuted. And that's what Professor Thurman Arnold of Yale fails to grasp, when he says of Darrow and his triumphs:

> . . . the development of such a personality as Darrow's is well worth the liberation of a few socially unadjusted persons who, conceivably, according to some standards, might have been better off in jail.

Mr. Arnold, you miss the point! If Darrow's half-a-century of court battles means anything, it means "his" standard is the just one, and such persons should be free men.

What will come as a tonic to the level-headed and the critical-minded is the veteran barrister's considered judgment of our all-pervading system of law. Where he sees how there has been progress all along the line in science, mechanics, religion, surgery and medicine, in his own all-important field he concludes that "the law and its administration have stood like adamant defying time and eternity." Mr. F. C. Auld, Professor at the University of Toronto, is in disagreement with Darrow's caustic verdict:

> It is difficult entirely to agree with the learned author about the lack of advance in law; one thinks of Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, Pound: the last word is not with Mr. Darrow in this matter.

But, Mr. Auld, one thinks even quicker of Justices Butler, Van Devanter, Sutherland and Roberts, as in the infamous MacIntosh decision.

No discourtesy whatever is intended to Mr. Dreiser in leaving his autobiographical sketch for the last. This book is the first part—covering the first twenty years of his life—of a projected tetralogy. With its lucid descriptions from within, the biography is fully as readable as one of his novels and as courageous in its honesty.

From the vantage-ground of his philosophy today, Dreiser narrates the full details of his earlier years; their terrors and fears, together with his stout zest and gusto in life. As he tells the story of his family, his devout Catholic father, his saintly Protestant mother, and the thirteen children, their struggles in and about Indiana and Illinois, only to find the country of individualism and opportunity a mockery and a snare, the reader is led to add another cubit to his stature.

Nearly half his story is about the part sex played in his life, and the way his share of formalized religion failed him completely. With remarkable insight he portrays the distress caused by the miserable deficiencies of these fundamental forces, so that he is constrained to admit regarding the sex life—"certain it is that the religionists and moralists have already been heard from sufficiently, and in vain."

A terrifying welter of powerful elements shaped his early life. The pinch of poverty, fears of sex, the inadequacies of religion, and a sensitive soul foreshadowed his mature philosophy of the present day: economic equalitarianism, a sane view of sex, a faith in science and the intellect, and an implacable opposition to all organized religions. Truly the logical reaction from his strict Puritan upbringing, places in the proper perspective his philosophy of materialism, agnosticism, and determinism.

Dreiser's sensitiveness naturally meant much unhappiness and distress, but it also carried him on in his own search after the *bonum, verum* and *pulchrum.* His knowledge at first hand of the labor struggles in Pittsburgh explains his life-long devotion to labor and the under-dog; it emphasizes his tenderness and earnestness in his recent efforts in Harlan, Kentucky and his present labors for Mooney and Billings. So much for the *bonum.* His discovery of books and literature has resulted in leaving all America forever in his debt, with the belated recognition that Dreiser today is America's most important novelist. Dreiser relates how, through the kindness of an appreciative teacher, he was sent for a year to the State College of Indiana. He also tells the story of how he wandered from job to job, a hardware shop, a laundry, a real estate concern, all in the bitter struggle for the bare necessities of life that barely met the needs of the body and left little over for the nourishment of this flaming soul.

Even at that early stage of his life, Dreiser had that intense interest in life itself, a powerful curiosity

about mankind. That is why, like Sinclair Lewis, he has given us more than one social chronicle like his epic "American Tragedy." Here we see in their flowering his permanent qualities of deep concern with the ordinary happenings of daily existence, the apparently trivial and commonplace, but which Dreiser wisely knows embroider the warp and woof of one's very fate. And it is his power of accurate observation of the common and real things, as shown here, that explains his giving us such a slice out of life as the story of Clyde Griffith, and breaking new ground in American literature with "Jennie Gerhardt."

His paintings in this book of the surroundings and background of his existence are done with the same vivid touches of authenticity and universality. He mirrors life itself and therein lies his true genius. With an exhaustion of detail, a persistence in completeness, and a tenacious collection of his innumerable memories, Dreiser executes a thorough-going and grand treatment of his theme. A massive burden that would stagger other writers he evolves into an opus that the reviewer, at least, would place cheek by jowl with works of Tolstoy or Rousseau. This peculiar genius of Dreiser's, the mastery of a totality, strengthens the importance of his insight into the injustice of our social order, and attests the correctness with which he indicts our capitalist structure. The coming volumes of his life-story one awaits impatiently.

After inductively becoming acquainted with the histories of these three, certain deductions logically force themselves upon the reviewer. Though all independently arrived at a philosophy of mechanism and materialism, they consistently maintained the idealist view of life and in themselves epitomized the human spirit triumphant. Each of them gave up the creature comforts of life that might have been theirs, and *took sides* in life in religiously pursuing the ideal which they had come to see as the greater value. They fought dogmas at every step, yet all the while, each in his own way, maintained an unswerving belief in his own *idea fixee*. Though denying any Eternal and opposing organized religion, they were no time-servers and stand forth today as exemplars for true religionists. All suffered pain and notoriety, coming into their own in the very sunset of their life. Of them might it be said—"Sorrow remarries us to God."

NATHAN ESSELL.

Book Notes

Humanism As a Way of Life, by Joseph Walker. The Macmillan Company, New York. 83 pp. $1.25.

Mr. Walker's clear-cut statement of his philosophy of life is another indication that humanism is finding its way into the personal life of the laity. The author originally prepared his statement for the benefit of his family, and publication was an afterthought. The naturalistic background of humanism is traced in outline from "molten or gaseous mass" to modern man; and the scientific method is fully accepted. Life is "a function of the organism." The soul is conceived of as "the totality of man's psychic powers." God is an ideal existing in the minds and hearts of men, with which they compare, judge, and better themselves. "Religion is the love of and devotion to the best within us, that is the Ideal." Humanism is confidently presented as covering "the whole range of human life." "It sees man, freed from superstition, led and inspired by the Ideal and devoted to the unselfish service of his fellow men."

Prohibition Versus Civilization, by Harry Elmer Barnes. The Viking Press, New York City. 128 pp. $1.00.

Since the days following the war, when Harry Elmer Barnes launched his attack upon the theory of the exclusive war guilt of Germany, all who have followed him with sympathetic understanding have felt sure that whatever conclusions he arrives at in any field will be stated with the utmost frankness, with force, and with documented evidence. "The Twilight of Christianity" and his various economic writings are other examples. Now, in a similar way, he discusses "Prohibition Versus Civilization."

The arguments of the drys, (1) that alcohol is an unmitigated evil, (2) that God and moral forces are on their side, (3) that a mechanized world requires prohibition, are examined and answered in the negative. The typical arguments of the wets, (1) that prohibition cannot be enforced, (2) that repeal would greatly relieve unemployment, (3) that the agricultural situation would be improved, are likewise disposed of in the negative. Mr. Barnes then attacks prohibition on two major counts: first, that "civilized drinking" is not an evil, but a positive good, and, second, that the alleged good in the "noble experiment" is completely dwarfed by the unparalleled harm done by the prohibition era in the flouting of such basic civil rights as freedom from arbitrary search, reasonable penalty, the rights of property, and trial by jury. "When we surrender the proud pretension that 'every man's home is his castle,' . . . we are letting go of a heritage which took centuries of struggle and rivers of blood to acquire . . . we are betraying Western civilization." While Mr. Barnes abhors drunkenness, he believes that drunkards, like drug addicts, should be treated not as criminals but as patients.

While this little book may commend itself to social prohibitionists, like John Haynes Holmes and Upton Sinclair, who are genuine lovers of liberty, it will be disregarded by evangelical prohibitionists, like Bishop Cannon and Wayne B. Wheeler. Its reading should be compulsory for the leaders of the anti-prohibition crusade, whose usual arguments are non-essential.

Business Looks at the Unforeseen, by Wallace Brett Donham. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York. 209 pp. $2.50.

In which the able Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration likens the social structure to animal organisms, sees no possibility of avoiding upsetting changes in the present nor of controlling the distant future, but suggests the practicality of developing means of adjustment that will enable society to meet change in the "middle period" with a minimum of danger to social security. The Dean rightly believes that intelligence must be substituted for chance, that profits are not the final test of efficiency, that capitalism is threatened by insecurity, and that central thinking need not require central control. The book is a clear-cut, refreshing study of the problem of a planned society from a capitalistic point of view, but it does not sufficiently indict either the profit motive or the inefficiency of individualistic industry, and it underestimates the difficulties of a planned economy without a large measure of central control.

C. W. REESE.

Correspondence

Our Economic Dilemma

Editor of UNITY:

If there is one explanation of our economic dilemma on which nearly everyone will agree, it is that the trouble is due to a lack of sufficient purchasing power among the masses to buy the goods that modern industry can turn out. That is like saying that the Republicans lost the election for lack of votes; but since that explanation of the depression is the generally accepted one it is pertinent to ask what our statesmen and industrial leaders are doing to provide a remedy.

Are the large industries cooperating to build up purchasing power among the masses? The contrary seems to be true. Wages and salaries have been slashed until the total of earnings for 1932, according to recent estimates published in *Business Week,* amount to little more than half the earnings for 1929. And when we read in the *Survey of Current Business* that interest and dividend payments for 1931 were $636,000,000 above those for 1929 it does not appear that retrenchment was forced upon our large corporations.

What efforts are being made by the national government to build up purchasing power? Some years ago when Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce, he called a conference to discuss a plan for extensive employment on government projects during dull years for the relief of unemployment. This was widely hailed as the promise of a new era in social welfare. Alas for ideals! President Hoover is now urging reduced appropriations for roads and most other government projects. He is advocating also a cut of 11 per cent in the salaries of government employees, and, as if by way of climax, he proposes a general sales tax which would still further reduce purchasing power among the masses.

Mr. Hoover of course is not wholly responsible for these retrogressions. The whole country has gone on a crusade for retrenchment, and everywhere taxpayers' leagues are clamoring for reduction in public expenditures. The movement has sprung out of the sufferings of the common run of taxpayers, but it is being pushed on by agents of vested interests who want their corporation and income taxes reduced, and would like to see certain of the government's investigating and regulatory services crippled. (In this connection may be mentioned reports from health officers over the country who say that child welfare and public nursing were usually the first services to be affected by reduction in state and municipal budgets.)

The cry is that the budget must be balanced in order to sustain the government's credit. How far is that true? In the past six months the national government has gone some half billion dollars in the red; yet in December it was able to borrow $600,000,000 at less than three per cent interest, and the loans were oversubscribed by more than 10 billion dollars, or seventeen times the sum needed.

During the war we gave little thought to budget balancing. We borrowed billions upon billions for the purpose of slaughter. Now when it is a matter of saving the lives and souls of millions of our citizens by furnishing them useful employment, we stand aghast and cry: "The budget! the budget! Woe unto us if it is not balanced!"

I should like to see the government borrow five billion of those idle dollars and set five millions of idle men to work at draining swamps, clearing cut-over forest lands, building irrigation reservoirs and ditches, clearing up city slums and building model tenements, building needed highways and bridges and extending the work of reforestation. If these things were begun, and if unemployment insurance and the five-day week were inaugurated, and if two million child workers were taken out of shops and put into school, and if government ownership were extended where needed to check monopoly, and if a higher price level were restored through bimetallism or other means, so that the great mass of debts could be paid with dollars no dearer than those that were borrowed, we should soon come upon happier days.

FRANCIS S. KINDER.

Little Old New York Not "Busted"

Editor of UNITY:

I was much interested to read in my *New Leader,* December 17, of the conference of Norman Thomas and Louis Waldman with Governor Roosevelt. Those of us with long memories recall times when such delegates could not have got by the door attendant. This is therefore a more encouraging sign of the times. Also, the Governor asked for suggestions, what legislation was recommended by them. Mr. Thomas advanced his proposals; the Governor in reply said the methods suggested would deplete state funds—"where would the money come from?"

To the final suggestion by Mr. Waldman that application be made to the $300,000,000 Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Governor replied that no funds were available from this source until the applicant took the poor debtor's oath, and he was not prepared to say that the state or city was "busted." Far from it! The ground rent of New York City alone is reported as $720 million; the city takes for municipal revenue only $240 million of this sum, leaving in private hands unearned sums of grandeur which are created by the presence of population, every cent of which should be socialized for the community. Each and every large city in the world is built upon a gold mine, a natural reservoir adapted to the financing of the common wealth. No need for penny-pinching or transfer of one account to another, when society gets its own. This is the first hurdle to be taken in the race for the supreme good on earth, and every "reform" is sterilized until it is captured, for speculative rent is destroying civilization.

The pious old hymn bids us look forward to a celestial heaven, "and streets of shining gold." The New Evangel visualizes the ample resource for laying the foundation of our social vision of peace and plenty through these streets of shining gold in our present sphere.

WINIFRED B. COSSETTE.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 322)

ament, as named by Litvinov and by other open-eyed people.

As to the Japan-China imbroglio, I have watched this tragedy as it has been played for more than a year in Geneva. I have had a close-up observation of Saito, Yen, Matsuoka, Koo, along with Cecil, Simon, Paul-Boncour the chief actors at Geneva. The story is well known—having been broadcast to the corners of the earth.

While I do not attempt here to offer a solution to the Far East problem, there are two or three remarks I have been making during the year. I would advise China and Japan to settle their trouble outside the League. They should inform the League that they have brains enough to attend to the matter themselves. (The League officials won't like that, for they are like lawyers, who enjoy business and prominence and sitting in high seats.)

China and Japan ought to remember that there are selfish interests in other parts of the world who are fomenting the trouble between them. Show these interests the door. There is no need of an intermediary.

Personally, this is what I would like to see in the Far East. First, non-aggression pacts between Japan and the Soviets, between Japan and China. These three are actually neighbors, whether they like it or not. These three neighbors should themselves settle difficulties that may arise between them.

As to the non-aggression pacts promoted and completed during the past year by the Soviet Union, it may be easily proven that they constitute the one conspicuous contribution to world peace, and may furnish an example that many other nations in the world will follow.

—*Moscow Daily News.*

Books Received

The Beacon Press, Boston.
- Tower Legends—Retold by Bertha Palmer Lane.
- Faustus Socinus.—By David M. Cory.
- Songs of the Spirit.—By Marion Franklin Ham.

E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.
- Appreciation. — By William Lyon Phelps.
- The Golden Sequence.—By Evelyn Underhill.
- Daily Meditation or the Practice of Repose.—By Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

Farrar and Rinehart, New York.
- Living Creatively.—By Kirby Page.

Macmillan & Company, New York.
Thrills of a Naturalist's Quest.—By Raymond L. Ditmars.
The Heritage of Asia.—By Kenneth Saunders.

Oxford University Press, New York.
Life of Susie Sorabji.—By Cornelia Sorabji.

Russell Sage Foundation, New York.
Immigration Gifts to American Life. —By Allen H. Eaton.

The Stratford Company, Boston.
Brandeis Avukah Annual of 1932. A collection of essays on Contemporary Zionist Thought. Edited by Joseph Shalom Shubow.

The Viking Press, New York.
Kamongo.—By Homer W. Smith.
Prohibition Versus Civilization.—By Harry Elmer Barnes.
Hindoo Holiday.—By J. R. Ackerley.
The Journey Inward.—By Kurt Henser.
A Princess in Exile.—By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia.
Bloody Years.—By F. Yeats-Brown.
Prospecting for Heaven.—By Edwin R. Embree.
The Salutation.—By Sylvia Townsend Warner.
The Eleventh Commandment.—By Francis Neilson.

Wetzel Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Philosophy of Light.—By Floyd Irving Lorbeer.

Ten Commandments of Social Justice

(*From a Bulletin of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.*)

I

"I am the Lord thy God, but thou shalt remember that I am also the God of all the earth. I have no favorite children. The Negro and the Hindu, the Chinese, Japanese, Russian and Mexican are all my beloved children.

II

"Thou shalt not measure a city's greatness by its population or its bank clearings alone, but also by its low infant mortality, its homes, playgrounds, libraries, schools and hospitals, and its low record for bootlegging, prostitution, robbery, and murder.

III

"Thou shalt remember that no civilization can rise above the level of its respect for and ideals of womanhood.

IV

"Thou shalt remember thine own sins and build no prisons for revenge and punishment, but make thy courts clinics for the soul and thy jails hospitals for moral diseases.

V

"Thou shalt remember that the end-product of industry is not goods or dividends, but the kind of men and women whose lives are molded by that industry.

VI

"Thou shalt press on from political democracy toward industrial democracy, remembering that no man is good enough or wise enough to govern another man without his consent, and that, in addition to a living wage, every man craves a reasonable share in determining the conditions under which he labors.

VII

"Thou shalt outlaw war and make no threatening gestures either with great navies or vast military preparations against thy neighbor.

VIII

"Thou shalt honor men for character and service alone, and dishonor none because of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

IX

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor by malicious propaganda or colored news, or by calling him contemptuous names such as Dago, Chink, Jap, Wop, Nigger or Sheeny.

X

"Thou shalt remember that when thine own ancestors were savages and barbarians other men brought to them the saving and civilizing Christian Gospel. Now that thou art rich and prosperous, beware lest thou export to Asia and Africa only thy science and efficiency, thy war-ships, goods and moving-picture films, and forget to export the Christian message and the Christ-like spirit also."

The God of humanity has arrived at the gates of the ruined temple of the tribe. Though he has not yet found his altar, I ask the men of simple faith, wherever they may be in the world, to bring their offering of sacrifice to him, and to believe that it is far better to be wise and worshipful than to be clever and supercilious. I ask them to claim the right of manhood to be friends of men, and not the right of a particular proud race or nation which may boast of the fatal quality of being the rulers of men. We should know for certain that such rulers will no longer be tolerated in the new world, as it basks in the open sunlight of mind and breathes life's free air.—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

An Outstanding Collection!

SOCIAL HYMNS

Prepared under the direction of The Survey Associates

This hymnal has had more influence on present day hymnology than any other single source. It contains 110 Hymns of Brotherhood, Peace and Social Awakening. *With Music.*

Price—*Cloth,* 50 cents, *Paper,* 25 cents

A. S. Barnes and Company
(*Hymn Book Publishers Since 1858*)
67 West 44th St. New York

BEGINNING THE THIRD VOLUME OF

The New Humanist

The January-February issue contains

A RELIGIOUS MOOD
by **James H. Hart**

THE FUNCTION OF A RADICAL CHURCH
by **Curtis W. Reese**

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION
by **Oliver L. Reiser**

HOW MODERN IS DR. FOSDICK?
by **Harold P. Marley**

INTELLIGENCE AND RELIGIOUS LIBERALISM
by **Ernest Caldecott**

Max C. Otto says:
"If ever there was a time in greater need of Scientific Humanism in its ethical, political, educational, religious applications, I do not know of it. And **The New Humanist** seems to me to be making a clean, clear contribution to that need."

Back this effort in critical and ultra-free journalism with your subscription.

Per Copy 20c **Annually $1.00**

THE NEW HUMANIST
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Help India's struggle for freedom by non-violence! Help us offset British propaganda and meet Gandhi's request for moral support from America.

Join the American League for India's Freedom, John Haynes Holmes, chairman.

Tear off and return:

American League for India's Freedom
383 Bible House
New York City

Count me in as a supporter of India's struggle for independence. Here are my membership dues $.....

Name .....

Date .....Address.....